

THE
POLITICAL
School for Scandal.
A
COMEDY.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.]

THE
POLITICAL
ECONOMY

BY HAMILTON STEPHENS

T H E

School for Scandal,

A

C O M E D Y

*A Political Satire on the India Bill
and the Coalition.*

I N F I V E A C T S,

AS IT IS PERFORMED

BY HIS MAJESTY's SERVANTS, &c.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

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Hon. S. A. Eliot

Gifts

P R O L O G U E
 TO THE
 SCHOOL for SCANDAL.

*IN Scandal's school how easy to improve !
 There all veracity you'll soon remove !
 How prone are we to vilify our neighbours,
 To notice specks, how hard each female labours !
 Clara, says Miss Lampoon, is vastly pretty,
 Her air angelic, conversation witty—
 But—for her breath, each mortal would revere
 her,
 But such a stench—no creature can come near
 her.
 Louisa is a most enchanting creature,
 What symmetry you trace in ev'ry feature !
 Her face how fair, her singing how melodious !—
 But view her rotten teeth,—how black, how
 odious !
 Not females only learn in scandal's page,
 With characters our males as oft engage—*

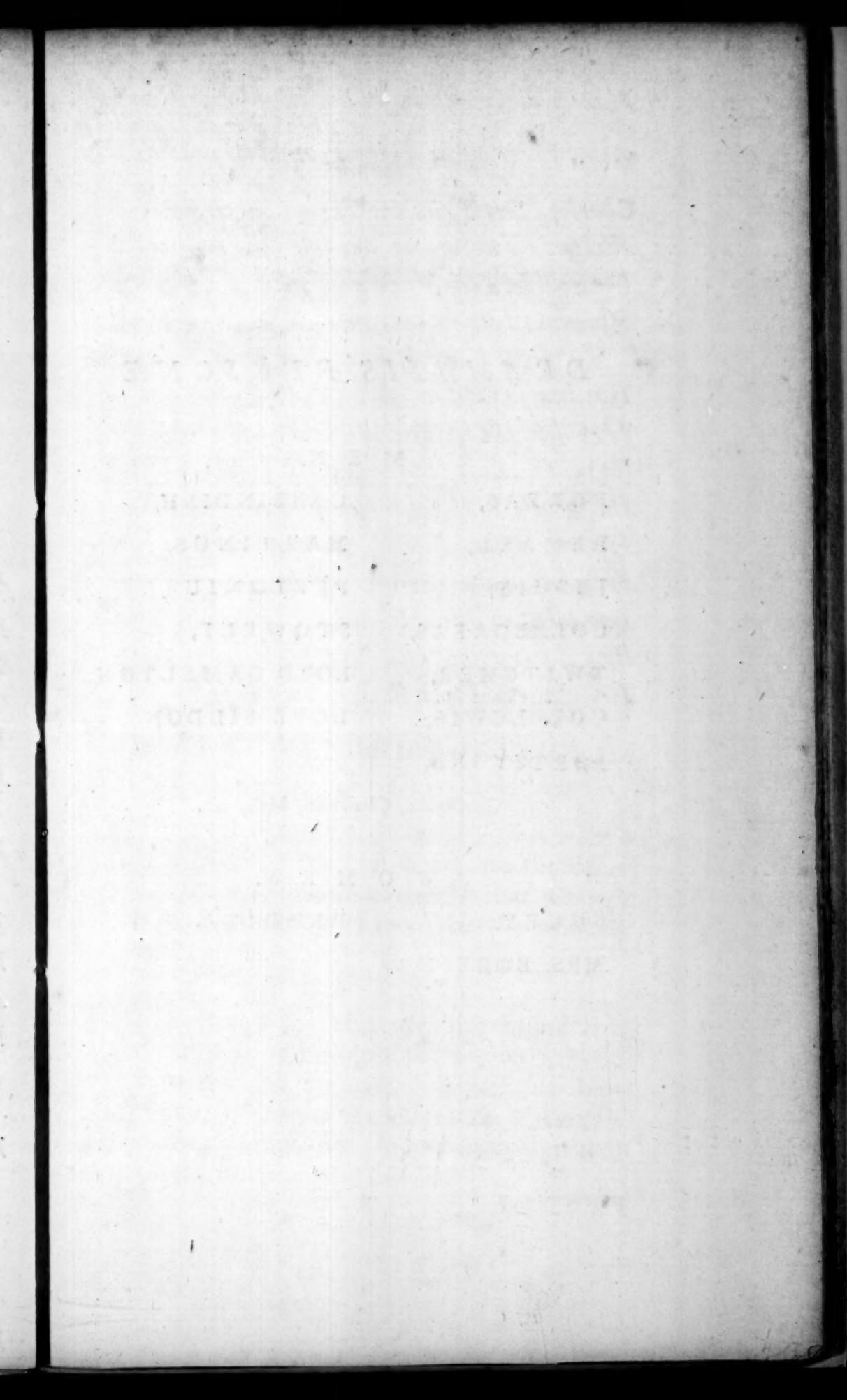
Charley,

P R O L O G U E.

*Charley, says Tom, can like an angel speak;
And yet his arguments are trite and weak—
For gold he'd let his country go to wreck—
His heart how rotten, and his face how black.*

*The great Lord Boreas, honest, tho' he seems,
Has long amus'd us all with idle dreams;
Thro' him the sou'reign has an empire lost;
He rolls in riches at his country's cost.*

*But gentle Bill, from blemish free appears—
His only crime alledg'd is want of years—
Envy nor malice can a word advance,
But what will tend his glory to enhance.
Would ev'ry statesman be as free from guile,
Britain would then be deem'd the happiest isle.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

BOREAS,	CABBINDISH,
RENARD,	MARTINUS,
JESUIT,	PITTONIUS,
COL. BOREAS,	STOWELL,
TWITCHER,	LORD CAMELTON,
COL. LEWIS,	LORD SIDDONS,
PORTSTONE,	

Gentlemen, Chairmen, Mob, &c.

W O M E N.

SUKEY,	PERDITA.
MRS. BOBBIN,	

T H E
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

BOREAS, RENARD, AND JESUIT.

B O R E A S.

I Have lost America, I confess—But what's America to me? I have, on the other hand, the consolation to think, that, though I have *lost* America, I have *found* a princely fortune,

R E N A R D,

(*To Boreas.*) You are the blundering pilot who have brought the nation into its present difficulties ; and you exult at having brought it into this dilemma. Alexander never gained more in one campaign than you have lost.

B

J E S U I T

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J E S U I T,

(*To Boreas.*) You have made a most rapid progress in misfortune—You have expended as large a sum to acquire national disgrace, as Lord Chatham did in gaining that glorious lustre, with which he encircled the British name.

B O R E A S.

I tell you I have made my fortune.

R E N A R D.

And you are execrated by every lover of his country,

B O R E A S.

I have made my brother a bishop,

J E S U I T,

And you have wantonly sported away the lives of many thousands,

B O R E A S.

I have got a rangership for my wife,

R E N A R D.

And a heart as black as my countenance,

B O R E A S.

I suppose you envy me the *cinque* ports?

J E S U I T.

You deserve to be exalted.

BOREAS.

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B O R E A S.

Those are very handsome pensions that I have obtained for my sons. Don't you wish they were in your possession, Mr. Renard? But I must leave you, gentlemen, it is not very pleasant to hearken to the bitter invectives of disappointed ambition.

[*Exit Boreas.*]

R E N A R D.

That fellow is as great a villain as if he had been bred at St Omer's.

J E S U I T.

Bred at St. Omer's! No reflections, I beseech you, on St. Omer's!—I believe St. Omer's never produced a man who left millions unaccounted for.

Enter a servant.

Perdita is just arrived, Sir, and, if you are not particularly engaged, begs a few minutes conversation with you.

R E N A R D.

I'll attend her instantly.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

B O R E A S, *solutus.*

I will not take any part in public affairs with such reptiles as Renard, Portstone, and

B 2

Jesuit,

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Jesuit: I cannot trust my honour in their hands for a moment; for they are without any principle of honour or honesty.

Enter Colonel Boreas.

C O L. B O R E A S.

Give me leave, father, to entreat you to think of some further promotion or emolument for me; I have not received place, pension, or pecuniary reward these three weeks.

B O R E A S.

Just at this instant, I must not be too lavish of favours in my own family—the public begining to make an outcry at some of my late proceedings, so that I must act a little warily. When this clamour is a little blown over, I shall add a few other feathers to my own nest.

C O L. B O R E A S.

I should like the reversion of a tellership.

B O R E A S.

Be patient, and you shall have any thing. There's no great danger of my being turned out of place, so long as I can lead the house by the nose.

C O L. B O R E A S.

Rumour says you are speedily to be created a duke.

BOREAS.

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B O R E A S.

I may be any thing I wish—but prudential motives forbid my being too rapid in my advances—I believe I shall be the greatest man that ever existed.

C O L. B O R E A S.

But have you no qualms of conscience, father, about losing an hundred millions of your country's money ?

B O R E A S.

None in the least.

C O L. B O R E A S.

Do you never dream of the Thirteen provinces that you have dismembred from this empire ?

B O R E A S.

No.

C O L. B O R E A S.

Nor, are you never haunted by the ghosts of those thousands, whom you have prematurely sent over the river Styx ?

B O R E A S.

No, no, no — say no.

C O L. B O R E A S.

Does it not give you some concern, when you consider the annals of England will be tarnished by recording your actions, and that the reign of your r—l master, (during
your

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your administration) will constitute the worst chapter of the Book of Kings?

B O R E A S.

Thou talk'st like a boy, as thou art—
Thou'l never cut any figure in life, I perceive, by thy delicacy—Why should I fear what posterity may do—Before the period which you prate about, I shall be no more—and let posterity say what it will, I shall be deaf to its reproaches—Hold—I am now going to the house, and desire you'll accompany me thither.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

TWITCHER, SUKEY, AND MRS. BOBBIN.

T W I T C H E R.

I protest I have not seen a prettier face this twelvemonth—What, is it all pure nature?

S U K E Y.

Yes, indeed it is, Sir—(*Courtseying.*)

T W I T C H E R.

No blanc, no rouge!

S U K E Y.

I don't know what you mean, Sir.

MRS. B O B B I N.

(to *Twatcher*). Indeed, Sir, she is just as she came out of the hands of nature--not the

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the least art about her; and her manners are as artless as her person.

T W I T C H E R.

You say, my pretty girl, that you have a brother, and that you would gladly get him provided for at sea.

S U K E Y.

Yes, and please you—

T W I T C E E R.

And what birth would you wish I should procure him?

S U K E Y.

What you please, Sir—But, if it suits your lordship's worship, I should rather you would make him an admiral than any thing else.—I don't care what coloured admiral you make him, whether red, blue, white or yellow, so he is but an admiral; for I *longs* to see my brother an admiral.

MRS. B O B B I N.

An admiral, my dear child, why you talk of impossibilities!

T W I T C H E R.

I believe I can make him a midshipman, if that will satisfy you.

S U K E Y.

O, yes, Sir, that will do very well—I have often wished he was a midshipman, or an admiral, or something of that kind

T W I T C H E R.

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T W I T C H E R.

But, what am I to expect, in return,
my beautiful little damsel? If I provide for
your brother, what place will you provide
for me?

MRS. B O B B I N.

A place in her arms, my lord; she can-
not refuse it. Can you refuse his lordship
such a favour, Sukey?—I know she has
gratitude in her disposition, my lord,

S U K E Y.

I *does* not like to be ungrateful, that's
the truth on't.

T W I T C H E R.

Then let us adjourn to Mrs. Bobbin's,

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

B O R E A S, R E N A R D, A N D J E S U I T.

R E N A R D.

(*To Boreas.*) You are ignorant or treach-
erous: if ignorant, who would trust their
nearest and dearest concerns to such a man?
if treacherous, who would be mad enough to
trust his most important concerns to a man,
who, he was persuaded, would sacrifice him
to his own dishonest and corrupt views?

BOREAS.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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B O R E A S.

I have been long used to this sort of language from you, and I expect no other. Not many days ago, you intimated that I was a thief. This reminds me of a saying of the late Sir Godfrey Kneller, that a thief was not to blame, but the person who left the things in his way; which operated as a temptation to him to commit the criminal act.—I have many temptations of this kind.

J E S U I T.

And you want virtue to resist them.

B O R E A S.

That may, perhaps, be sometimes the case,

R E N A R D.

I will endeavour to be cool. I am sensible of the necessity of unanimity at this juncture; and I wish I had an opportunity of supporting a minister with justice to my country, but that can never be with you. I know you too well to do so; and will, as my duty directs, give you every opposition that my situation, my opportunities, and my talents, whatever they may be, will enable me.

J E S U I T

(*To Boreas*) And I promise to assist you in the same way.

C

BOREAS,

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B O R E A S.

So far from being offended with this language, it is highly pleasing to me. You look up with envy at my consequence and power, and I am happy to be in an enviable situation.— I really pity you, gentlemen; sincerely pity you.

B O T H.

We equally despise both you and your pity.

R E N A R D.

You make it a point of honour to keep in office year after year, though your ad———n has been a series of misfortunes to your country. And you are continually hunting for every lucrative vacant place, fearing that, in another year, your s——n would have nothing left to give, if you continued m——r.

B O R E A S.

Proceed, gentlemen, I am all attention,

R E N A R D.

It would have been happy for this nation if you had never been born,

B O R E A S.

Good again!

J E S U I T,

You have not only broke your word to the house, in every single promise you have given

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given, but likewise to the only dutiful province in America, that of Nova Scotia.

B O R E A S.

Better still! proceed.

R E N A R D.

You wickedly and scandalously fell fast asleep, at a time when affairs of the utmost consequence to this nation were agitating in this house; and (being moved by the instigation of the devil) continued in that torpid state for upwards of two hours and an half.

B O R E A S.

I wish I was asleep at this moment; it would shield me from your impertinent and nonsensical reproaches.

J E S U I T.

I am not aiming at any places in the m—y; they are not worth accepting, and are places of great danger.

B O R E A S.

Therefore the more honourable to keep them. You did not mean to favour me with the compliment, I may safely venture to declare.

J E S U I T.

Sir, I could make a motion—The imp—t of you, would be a very proper one.

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B O R E A S.

Proceed ! proceed !—But, give me leave to make this observation, that, let me retire whenever I may, I shall have the pleasing reflection to console me, that I have not bettered my fortune a single shilling.

R E N A R D.

Monstrous, monstrous !

J E S U I T.

Intolerable ! I would not have believed him if he had sworn it.

R E N A R D.

You are as savage as you are mercenary and avaricious. You have always used the most violent, scalping tomahawk measures—Bleeding has been your only prescription. If a people deprived of their ancient rights, grow tumultuous—*bleed them !* If they are attacked with a spirit of insurrection—bleed them—more blood ! more blood ! still more blood. When Doctor Sangrada had persevered in a similar practice of bleeding his patients—killing by the very means which he had used for a cure—his man took the liberty of remonstrating upon the necessity of relaxing in a practice, to which thousands of their patients had fallen sacrifices, and which was beginning to bring their names into disrepute. The doctor answered. “I believe we have carried the matter a little too far ; but you must know that I have written a book upon the efficacy of the practice ;

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tice; therefore, though every patient we have should die by it, *we must continue the bleeding for the credit of the book.*"

B O R E A S.

Poor master Renard, I am sorry at your being out of place—Have a little patience, and keep a good civil tongue in your head; as you are good at speechifying, the time may arrive when I may propose a kind of coalition with you—but you must agree to act in a subordinate line, and trumpet me off as one of the greatest statesmen that ever governed a country.

R E N A R D.

A coalition! I coaleffe with you! What, enter into an alliance with those who have betrayed their country; who have prostituted the public strength; who have prostituted the public wealth; who have prostituted what is yet more valuable, the glory of the nation! The idea is too monstrous to be admitted for a moment! I must forego my principles, and give up my honour, before I could approach the threshold of an alliance so abominable, so scandalous, and so disgraceful!

J E S U I T.

Be not so violent—Let me recommend *unanimity* between ye.

B O R E A S.

Ay, let us be *unanimous.*

RENDAR.

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R E N A R D

(To Boreas) It is the height of impertinence for you to mention *unaminity*. It is insulting to the last degree, to recommend that to others, of which you are incapable of holding out the example.

B O R E A S.

You are a powerful advocate in any cause, however arduous and difficult. Your rapidity of speech, your severity of censure, and choice of words, make you an enemy to be dreaded. I confess I fear you, as an antagonist, yet notwithstanding this, I would rather have you for an opponent than a commentator. I shall propose terms to you Mr. Renard, in a very short time; and, give me leave to prophecy that you and I, who now consider ourselves as inveterate enemies to each other, shall shake hands, and rank as friends: nay more, that you shall, in the senate, acknowledge me your friend.—I mentioned the word *coalition*, consider that word in its utmost latitude, and you shall see me again to-morrow.

R E N A R D.

I say, again, I reprobate the idea of a *coalition*. You are acting upon a system, that, however well a man might wish to society, he could not support you; “for you have dissolved all the bands of society, and disgraced

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disgraced every one who has acted *with or under you.*"

B O R E A S.

Be a little pacified, good Mr. Renard,

J E S U I T

(To Renard) I think, as his lordship observes, you extend matters two far—a little moderation is highly necessary.

R E N A R D

(To Jesuit) Has not he imposed upon the nation, as finance minister, in his contract for rum, by grossly deceiving the house? and his baseness in concealing the real terms, was only to be equalled by his guilt in agreeing to them; and, if no other fact than that of concealment were to be adduced against him, it was sufficient to prove, that he had *made a corrupt bargain, and with an evil design*, for the purpose of bringing in his creatures and dependants.

B O R E A S.

Not finished yet, Charley—Why you have the perseverance of a Billingsgate orator.

R E N A R D.

You are equally distrusted and despised.

B O R E A S.

Will you never have done, Charley?—Why, you have as many charges against me as would fill a volume in *duodecimo.*

RENARD.

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R E N A R D.

A volume in folio, printed in the smallest character, could not contain an hundredth part of your blunders, crimes and follies. You are like the lion in the fable : “ This I seize (says the lion) because I have got teeth ; this, because I wear a mane on my neck ; this, because I have claws ; and this last morsel, not because I have either truth, reason, or justice to support me, and justify my taking it, but because I am a lion.”

B O R E A S.

Encore ! encore !

R E N A R D.

(*To Boreas*) The whole of your conduct is *impolitic, absurd, and abominable*.

J E S U I T.

He has been *fuckled with the milk of the Treasury and Exchequer*, and has grown fat upon it.

B O R E A S.

Proceed, gentlemen ; your conversation begins to be entertaining to me. I congratulate ye on your good memories. I could not have conceived that you had remembered all my virtues.

R E N A R D.

You shall hear of the American war, and the calamities of it again and again ; and

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and I trust that, by the aroused indignation and vengeance of an injured and undone people, *you must bear of them at the tribunal of justice, and expiate them on the public scaffold.*

B O R E A S.

Now, Charley, you are rather too violent—a truce if you please. *Public scaffolds* are very serious matters, and ought not to be mentioned without precaution.

J E S U I T.

Your conduct, my lord, *has froze up my blood, and harrowed up my soul.*

R E N A R D

(To Boreas) Indeed you have money enough at command, *to bribe gentlemen to pretend they believe you.*

J E S U I T

(To Boreas) You have *cheated the public.*

B O R E A S.

This is not to be borne!

R E N A R D

(To Boreas) From your accursed obstinacy, I sincerely believe, that when you have lost *nine tenths* of your master's dominions, you will not be satisfied till you had mangled and destroyed the *last miserable tenth.*

D

BOREAS.

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B O R E A S.

When you have emptied your budget,
let us turn our thoughts to a coalition. When
you are relieved from your present phrenzy,
you'll sue for a *coalition*.

R E N A R D.

I will have no connection with you.
From the moment when I shall make any
terms with you, I could rest satisfied to be
called *the most infamous of mankind*. I could
not, for an instant, think of a *coalition with*
men, who, in every public and private trans-
action, as m—rs, had shown themselves void
of every principle of honour and honesty; in the
hands of such men, I would not trust my honour,
even for a minute.

B O R E A S

(To Renard) Believe me, Charley, in
less than fourteen days, you will express
yourself in a different stile. For the present
I shall take my leave, having had a lecture
this morning, sufficient to revolve upon the
remainder of the day.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E II.

P E R D I T A, *sola.*

P E R D I T A.

What a miserable life do I lead! Curse
on the affairs of state, they rob me of my
Charley

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. 19

Charley! Without him, I am the most miserable of women! With him I am in heaven—To gaze upon his patriarchal face, and lean upon his dear black bosom, is Elysium to me!—The covering on his breast resembles the downy plumage of the raven—The prickling of his manly beard, how grateful to my chin! his complexion, which far outvies the best mahogany, how alluring to the eye! Well does he deserve the appellation of *the man of the people*, for all people must adore him!—his deportment, his air, his mien, all proclaim him at once the man of fashion, and the accomplished gentleman:—the easy rotundity of his figure excels; in elegance the well-turned nine-pin! How desirable—

Enter Renard.

P E R D I T A.

“ It was not kind to leave me thus alone,
“ To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.”

R E N A R D.

I returned, my angel, the moment I could be spared— (*saluting her tenderly*) Nothing less than national concerns should have torn me from thy alabaster bosom.

P E R D I T A.

There was a time, when you would not have put the nation in competition with my

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company—But now I must be deserted, for the paltry consideration of saving an ungrateful country from destruction.—Do you know that princes have sighed for me, and sighed in vain !

R E N A R D.

That princes have *sigh'd* for you, is not at all improbable, but that they have *sigh'd in vain*, I cannot so readily admit.

P E R D I T A.

Charley, it is necessary that you and I should come to some *eclaircissement*. You have long talked of the favours you intended to bestow on me ; but I expect *doing* as well as *talking*—Your fine speeches may please at another *house*, but, in my *house*, I expect something more substantial.—I am threatened by my coach-maker, what am I to do ?

R E N A R D.

I cannot possibly do any thing for you, till I get *into place*.

P E R D I T A.

And while you are getting *into place*, perhaps I may be getting *into prison*—Either produce me *the ready*, or you and I must be hereafter strangers to each other.

RENDAR

R E N A R D.

Your insolence is not to be endured, and, therefore I bid you eternally farewell.

[Exit Renard.]

P E R D I T A.

I thought I should put him upon his mettle—but I am not afraid of losing him—he cannot keep away above twenty-four hours at the utmost,

[Exit Perdita.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

BOREAS, PORTSTONE, CABBINDISH,

B O R E A S

(To Portstone) I thought my premiership established for life—but I was not so firm in my saddle as I imagined—Renard and Shelby have pulled me from my eminence.

P O R S T O N E.

They have wriggled themselves into power; but their reign will be of short duration. An administration upon so slender a bottom, cannot be permanent.

C A B B I N D I S H

(To Boreas) Suppose, my lord, we endeavour to form an Adm——n upon a broad.

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broad bottom—The Cabbindish and Portstone *interest*, joined to the *talents* and *artifices* of your lordship and Mr. Renard, will surmount every difficulty.

P O R T S T O N E.

Such a coalition would render a man—*immovable*. But how is it to be accomplished? Renard would never *draw* with you, my lord Boreas.

B O R E A S.

I beg your Grace's pardon—Renard and I are not very nice about altering our political *creeds*. Hitherto we have each imagined we could support our consequence independant of each other, but now we are both convinced to the contrary.—We must coalesce—and he can have no objection to a coalition—either of us would coalesce with the devil, rather than be out of place.

P O R T S T O N E.

Will you undertake to negociate this business with Renard?

B O R E A S.

Most readily—I am almost certain of success: To *save his country*, and *exalt his family*, what would not Boreas attempt!

P O R T S T O N E.

Stipulate for the best situation you can for me,

BOREAS,

BOREAS.

Your grace may rely upon my best endeavours. Though the censorious world may say you are but a *cypher*, they should consider that a *cypher*, properly connected with *figures*, adds greatly to their amount.

CABBINDISH.

Right! right!—Add a *cypher* to ten thousand pounds, and you make an hundred thousand of it.

PORTSTONE.

You are an excellent accountant, lord John.—You ought to be at the head of the Exchequer. The nation requires a man of your extraordinary qualifications, to preside over her finances.

CABBINDISH.

I would not turn my back to any one, in the article of *finance*.—Without vanity, I am a good calculator—Nine times six are fifty-four—seven times nine are sixty-three—twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four—I could go on thus for an hour together—You see I have every figure at my finger's end, as it were.—Ay, your grace may perceive that I am a thorough master of figures.

BOREAS.

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B O R E A S.

You shall be the first man in the Exchequer,—that's settled.—Your grace's humble servant. Lord John, I am yours.—

[*Exit* Boreas.]

P O R T S T O N E A N D C A B B I N D I S H.

Lord Boreas, yours.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

R E N A R D, *solus.*

R E N A R D.

I thought I should hunt the badger from his hole. What next is to be done! I have tried my strength in every quarter, and perceive that I am not of that consequence I once imagined. I must co-operate with the man I hate, or sink to nothing.—Ambition, prudence, poverty, all urge the former step.

Enter Boreas.

B O R E A S.

My friends inform me, Mr. Renard, that you are inclined to treat with me respecting a coalition.—

R E N A R D.

True, my lord—but I fear I have bestowed so many epithets upon your lordship, that you cannot *forget*, even if you *forgive*

forgive them. Can your lordship obliterate from your memory, that I called you a knave, an enemy to your country, a murderer, a shuffler, a bungler, a blunderer; and that you are void of every principle of honour and honesty?

BOREA S.

These, my dear friend, are mere words of course, the common language of disappointment—and I heartily forgive you.—Give me your hand. (*they shake hands*) And now, *my right honourable friend*, let us go hand in hand in every measure.—Our friendship shall be inviolable!

RENA RD.

Agreed!—I shall henceforth bear testimony of your virtues—that you are *honest, virtuous, ingenious, steady, uniform, wise, witty, handsome, genteel, noble*—

BOREA S.

And I shall enumerate all your excellencies and virtues. Nor shall I forget to pay a just tribute of praise to the memory of your noble ancestry—Your noble sire preserved millions in his coffers, which otherwise might have been exhausted in riot and profusion.—Of your grandsire too, I shall ever make honourable mention, who, notwithstanding his pedigree, had the humility to wait at his master's table.

E RENARD.

RENARD.

You'll excuse my leaving you, my lord, as I am particularly engaged this morning; but to-morrow I'll wait upon your lordship at your own house.—Till then, farewell.

[*Exeunt,*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

JESUIT AND MARTINUS.

JESUIT.

Notwithstanding the severe reflections cast on the *coalition*, it will be found that neither party have given up their sentiments; and yet they may act together for the public good.

MARTINUS.

The coalition is scandalous, infamous, abominable, infernal.

JESUIT.

If none were to be admitted to take a part in the adm—n, but those whose political sentiments never disagreed, it would be difficult indeed to form an adm—n. I have been blamed for joining the *coalition*; but I make no doubt a time will come, when

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when I shall have it in my power to convince those persons, who rail so bitterly against it, that they are wrong, and doing more injury than they imagined.

M A R T I N U S.

I'll teach a starling to cry out *coalition*.

J E S U I T.

A proper administration could not be formed without some junction of parties; and, if former differences were to be an insurmountable barrier to union, no chance of salvation remained for this country: the great cause of difference between *Boreas* and *Renard*, is no longer in existence.

M A R T I N U S.

Coalition! cursed Coalition!

J E S U I T.

Lord Boreas, nor *his right honourable friend*, I dare venture to say, will ever desire each other to forego any principle they had ever maintained. Men of honour could not ask such a thing of each other, because they knew that men of honour could not accede to any such thing. This is the only ground on which men of honour *can* act; and, on such ground, I am sure, lord Boreas, and *his right honourable friend*, will continue to act together.

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M A R T I N U S.

You are an abandoned set of people—your country may go to perdition, for any thing you care.—I heartily despise the whole *coalition*.

[*Exeunt severally.*

S C E N E II.

BOREAS AND RENARD.

B O R E A S.

Well, *my right honourable friend*, we are now situated as we could wish. Power, patronage, money, influence; in short, every thing desirable upon earth is within our grasp.—Now we may reign secure.—There are a few malcontents, indeed, who exclaim against our coalition—let them rail on—it would be too hard to turn the poor devils adrift, and not suffer them to complain. Let them, at least, enjoy that satisfaction.

R E N A R D.

We have much in our power, I confess; but I would wish to possess still more. India presents her riches to my astonished imagination, and I am enraptured with the view—I must have the government of India under my controul.—I think it is to be done with your assistance joined to that

of

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the Cabbindishes—I shall pick out a department for your son.

B O R E A S.

We shall sink under the weight of your obligations.

R E N A R D.

Every one of your lordship's family shall have a feeling. You must stand by me—Such a point as this could not have been carried without a coalition.

B O R E A S.

My aid shall be strenuously exerted.

R E N A R D.

If you should happen to have a natural child or two, I'll find places for them in the East.

B O R E A S.

You are too kind, *my right honourable friend.*

R E N A R D.

They shall be Nabobs, when I am the Mogul.

B O R E A S.

But there is a sullen youth, educated wholly in virtue's school, who perceives our interested views, and is determined to oppose them.

RENDAR.D.

RENARD.

A boy!—who has only talents and integrity to recommend him.—Honest himself, he cannot easily detect the wiles of others. We can easily form a plausible tale that will put him wholly off his guard—We have not been so long in the world, encountering with variety of formidable difficulties, to be afraid of a beardless infant.

BOREAS.

I wish we may not have reason to lament and feel the weight of his abilities. Sprung from a Sire, renowned alike for virtues and for talents, he succeeds, as it were by hereditary right, to all his noble qualities. The world too begins to see that our deeds are not accompanied with that purity they expect from him—he seems the idol of the people.

RENARD.

Why, my lord, you and I have been rather too bare-faced upon some occasions—Some few things that we have done I wish were undone.

BOREAS.

You, *my right honourable friend*, are happily possessed of undaunted confidence, and a volubility of tongue not to be paralleled. Your fascinating elocution can fully the most unblemished reputation, and varnish our

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our blackest deeds, so as to render them at least innocent, if not meritorious,

Enter Jesuit.

J E S U I T.

Prepare, my lord, for melancholy intelligence—I have a tale to tell, that “will harrow up your soul.”

B O R E A S.

Give it us, be what it may,

J E S U I T.

Pittonius, the young Pittonius, aided by lord Stowell, has baffled all our measures. Advice has been conveyed to our s——n *up the back stairs*, which has so far opened his eyes as to enable him to perceive our mischievous intentions. India, I fear, will not be ours.—Pittonius, whom we affect to despise, has talents equal to the best of us; and, that he has more virtue, will, I believe, be readily admitted:—Pittonius, I say, is seated in the Treasury, and presides in the Exchequer.—We, alas! are all dismissed,—ungraciously, dishonourably dismissed.

R E N A R D.

Curse on the beardless youth!

B O R E A S.

Now all our golden dreams are vanished!
Oh, India, India, I have lost thee!

RENDAR.

RENARD.

Never despair! I have interest yet remains—This tongue of mine will procure fresh friends. At least, I shall have this consolation, that if I cannot remove the brat from office, I shall be able to render his situation irksome and intolerable.

"To do ought good never shall be my task

"But ever to do ill my sole delight."

Let us retire with speed, and consult how we may best oppose his schemes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PITTTONIUS, *soltus,*

PITTTONIUS.

The favour of my so——n, has raised me to an eminence beyond my hopes, deserts, or expectations. Young and unexperienced as I am, the royal pleasure has seated me with sage and reverend counsellors, and entrusted me with a share in government. My abilities, such as they are, shall be devoted to the service of my country, and my royal master. My integrity, however, shall never be impeached, and time will, I flatter myself, so far mature my judgment,

as

as to render me daily more equal to the weighty task in which I am engaged.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A parcel of chairmen with bludgeons in their hands.

First C H A I R M A N.

The young Pittonius is invited to dine with the citizens to day—the Grocer's company are to present him with his freedom in a gold box. He is to feast in their hall, on a dinner which costs a thousand pounds.—You know we have had no breaking of heads since the affair at Brentford—Suppose we have a little of that fun to-day, my boys.

A L L.

With all our hearts.

First C H A I R M A N.

He will be attended by millions.—If you are willing to engage in kicking up a dust, and cracking a few sculs, you shall not go unrewarded.

A L L.

We'll do it with all the pleasure in life.
It will be high diversion for us.

First C H A I R M A N.

You need not kill more than twenty or thirty; but as to knocking of sconces,

F maiming,

maiming, and bruising, you are left entirely to your own discretion: it is very disagreeable to my employers, that a boy, hardly out of his teens, should engross to himself all the popularity of the nation—therefore be active, be spirited, and in earnest.—Leave the consequences to me.

A L L.

We shan't be hanged, I suppose.

First C H A I R M A N.

No, no, no!—never fear—You remember Balf and M'c. Quirk—Rely upon my honour—you are perfectly safe, and you shall be handsomely rewarded.

A L L.

Shall we pull any coaches to pieces?

First C H A I R M A N.

I am a friend to coach-makers; I served my time to that business, and should be very happy to see trade promoted in that way,

A L L.

We shall obey in every particular.

First C H A I R M A N.

That you may have some pretence for doing as I order you, cast a few stones at the windows as you pass along; and, at the same time, propagate a report that the young gentleman's adherents have been guilty of such

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such outrages.—With a little address, this may be easily managed, and all the odium will fall upon the new-made citizen—Once more, I declare to you, upon my honour, that, if you act with becoming diligence and spirit, this will be the best day's work that ever you engaged in.—Come, follow me, gentlemen.

A L. L.

Most willingly.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III. GROCER'S HALL.

*Numbers of Nobility, Gentry, and Citizens,
seated round the table.*

P R E S I D E N T.

Dinner being ended, a voluntary toast will doubtless be highly acceptable.

P I T T O N I U S.

The King!

S T O W E L L.

The queen and family.

C O L. L E W I S.

The three branches of the legislature.

S T O W E L L.

May the present administration emulate the conduct of the late earl of Chatham, of immortal memory; and may they continue

F 2 to

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merit the same confidence and support of the people.

P I T T O N I U S.

The privileges and chartered rights of the united kingdom.

L O R D C A M E L T O N.

An honest heart, an able head, the esteem of his prince, and the confidence of the people.

P I T T O N I U S.

May the city of London always be the first to reward public virtue, and defend the constitution of the country.

S O N G.

Tune, Hearts of Oak, (*the company all joining in the chorus.*)

I.

*The son of great Chatham his presence bestows,
For which ev'ry bosom with gratitude flows.
The honour conferr'd we can never express—
For, the greater our feelings, our words must
be less.*

C H O R U S.

*Great and good is the son,
Great and good was the sire ;
They always were ready,
Upright and steady,
Their virtus and talents all Europe admire.*

II.

II.

*Corruption and rapine were stalking along,
And Charters (though sacred) were deem'd an
old song;
But virtue and wisdom have made them submit—
Corruption fled fast when attacked by a Pitt.*

CHORUS. Great, &c.

III.

*Ye Grocers, come fill up your glasses with glee—
May Pitt be premier, and all sycophants flee—
What honour for Grocers his name to enroll!
Come drink, with thrice three, till you've
empty'd the bowl!*

CHORUS. Great, &c.

S C E N E. IV.

*The Street; great numbers, of the populace,
some with bludgeons in their hands; the windows of the houses illuminated.*

A L L.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

First GENTLEMAN.

Long live Pittonius! may the would-be emperor of Mogul, be exhibited on tower-hill, agreeable to his deserts; and may the northern monster of ingratitude coalesce with him.

A L L.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Second

Second GENTLEMAN.

"Who would not wish to be that youth?
How sweet applause when earn'd by virtue!"

Third GENTLEMAN.

There passed the idol of his country, the defender of his gracious So——n, the descendant of a great statesman, and "the noblest work of God," an honest man.

Fourth GENTLEMAN.

Let me beseech you, gentlemen, to exercise moderation—Every man should be at liberty to pursue his own inclination.—The illuminations are almost general—and, though there should be a few, who are unwilling to testify their approbation of the illustrious citizen, let them be indulged in their singularities—No outrage, gentleman, no violence for Heaven's sake—lest we should be numbered with the enemies of our country.

Enter LORD SIDDONS, and three other gentlemen accompanied by numbers of the populace.

LORD SIDDONS.

An hired multitude, armed with bludgeons, and other hostile weapons, most riotously and wantonly, attacked Pittonius, insulted his noble associates, and the virtuous populace; but Heaven has shielded them from

from the fury of the abandoned rabble. No lives are lost, though wickedly and daringly attempted. Some of the carriages are indeed demolished, but such matters are too insignificant to merit our attention, where the lives of the virtuous have escaped the attempts of assassins.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Let us now retire—*Pittonius*, happy in having the affections of his countrymen, and his fellow citizens in particular, is safely deposited—May he live long, and restore this almost ruined country, to that splendour, from which it so rapidly fell under the mischevious adm—n of Lord Boreas !

LORD SIDDOONS.

Pittonius for ever !

A L L.

May virtuous *youth*, repair the mischiefs of degenerate age !

LORD SIDDOONS.

Coalition, with all her train, are now spurned from the throne of m—y. No gamesters, who venture thousands on the turn of a die, will hereafter be confided in—no ingrates, who abuse their master for bestowing princely revenues on them, will henceforth be enabled to commit further rapacity and devastation—But virtue will meet

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meet with its just reward, while we have a
s—n, who has penetration to discover me-
rit, and a disposition to encourage it.

First GENTLEMAN.

The enemies of our country are diminish-
ing daily.

Second GENTLEMAN.

The country are unanimous in expressing
their detestation of the *coalition*, and their
unwarrantable proceedings.

LORD SIDDONS.

Let every honest Briton reverence the glori-
ous One hundred and ninety ; and may the
one hundred and ninety-one, be held in exec-
ration.

First GENTLEMAN.

Discord is now almost banished ; but hea-
ven avert an *union*, such as the sons of St.
Alban have, in their great wisdom, recom-
mended.

*Corruption rear'd her head in vain,
For virtue reassumes her reign.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

SCHOOL-TIME is o'er, and you're al-
low'd to quit,—

Thus I address Box, Gall'ries, Stage, and
Pit! —

E'er we began I earnestly besought ye,
To put in practice what should here be taught
ye,

To deal out scandal with a lib'ral hand,
And never let your tongue in silence stand.

To deal in panegyric, how absurd!

Those of the Ton approve each stand'rous word--
Lord, says Maria, have you heard the rumour?
Miss T—, the maid of honour, has a tu-
mour,

A tumour too, of most enormous size!

'Twas given her, they say, by lord Ballifize—
She'll lose her place at court, I can assure her—
A midwife only knows the way to cure her.

But, a-pro-pos, you've heard of Captain
Willis—

He had a challenge sent about his Phillis—
But, as they say, he ne'er was fond of powder,
Tho' he can boast, like Bobadil, and louder.

Believe me then (you know I'm ne'er mistaken)
He gave his Phillis up to save his bacon,

You know Perdita! — Hear the world's
reproaches;

She lost her honour first, and then her coaches—
I wonder'd

I wonder'd at the creature's great assurance—
But the poor devil now is fast in durance.
From princes cast, she now retires with scum—
A petty lawyer, or a lawyer's Bum.
A coach indeed, for such a jade as she!
A rope were better far, 'twixt you and me!
But hold, I quite forgot to mention Charlotte—
Who could have thought she e'er would play
the harlot—
Full eighteen months her husband plough'd the
seas,
And then return'd in competence and ease—
Oh! 'twas enough to make the cuckold wild—
He found his wife full eight months gone with
child.

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